

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀράτῳν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκalon τι καὶ θεῶν ἐστίν.”

PLAT. Phædo, sec. xxi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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The want of musical taste on the part of the public is incessantly insisted upon by those who ought to know better than to argue in a vicious circle. The ignorance and insensibility of the public are, indeed, a standing theme with the mere musician; yet would it not be worth the time of those who are loudest in venting the complaint, to consider whether they themselves are not the party most in fault? May we not rather assume that the ignorance and insensibility are his, who has never dreamed of studying the character of those to whom he addresses his compositions? If it is essential to the welfare and existence of art that its rules be understood by all, we must have a world created on purpose, in which the mysteries of counterpoint shall be familiar no less to the many, than they now are to the few. In our opinion, the musical education of a people consists in developing its sensibilities; and this should be the task and the work of the musician himself.

Musical truth does not consist in the rigorous imitation of palpable objects; but in expressing the “passions and affections” of the composer so as to awaken a corresponding sympathy in those of his hearers. For the effecting of this, different means are required according to the differences of time, place, person, and period. The courtier and the peasant do not express their love in the same manner, although both may be devoured by equal fires; and again, there may, from circumstances, be a refinement in the mode of expression used by the latter, unattainable by the former. BURNS makes his peasant say—

“The wild-wood flowers I’ve pulled to deck
That spotless breast of thine;
The courtiers’ gems may witness love,
But ’tis na love like mine!”

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And it is to the nice discrimination of the varieties of feeling, referrible to differences of position, that the musician must look for the elements of his success. He must know how to detect and express those shades of sentiment which may be termed the local colouring; and, in so doing, he will attain to musical truth.

The first and the last knowledge to be acquired by the composer, is that of his native language, with all the delicacies of which he ought to be intimately acquainted. The setting of a ballad demands this knowledge, no less than the composition of an opera; and though a melody will work its way to the heart without the intervention of words, yet, and we are now referring more particularly to the operatic composer, the artist who is worthy of the name should be able to analyze the poet's work entrusted to his care, and to preserve the affinity between the literary and the musical phraseology. In this, the dramatic merit of the composer consists; and it is to the literary ignorance of our musicians that we in great part ascribe the number of operas, as destitute of poetry as of music, which have appeared on the scene only to pass away and be forgotten.

The same ignorance of the force and meaning of language, and consequently of character, since in insisting on a knowledge of language we are not speaking of a mere acquaintance with its grammatical minutiae, but of an intimate and distinct perception of the relations between modes of expression and modes and habits of thought, extends from the composer to the singers who execute his work. Hence the long train of false notions of character, miscomprehensions of situation, perversions of the simplicity of melody, incongruous ornaments, and solecisms in expression, which make the singer the competitor, instead of the interpreter of the composer; and hence, in a great measure, the fact that we are still without an English, or, if our readers so please it, a National Opera.

ON THE MUSICAL CULTIVATION OF YOUNG ARTISTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEOPOLD FUCHS.

It is very possible that but few artists will accord with my views; if, however, only *some* young musicians find a remark here and there which is worth their notice, and turn it to advantage, my object is attained.

When I declare myself averse to an excessive striving after *virtuosity* (*virtuosität*), I only mean that that class of virtuosos is not to be imitated, who show by their performances that they are not artists, but mere speculators, who can turn their employment to account, because they are sure to have a great number of hearers on their side.

Among the distinguished foreign artists who, during a series of years, have visited us, we have had, alas! too many of this kind. Such are, properly speaking, caricatures among artists, who, for some time carry on their handywork with success. Lucky for them, if they are economical during the period of their prosperity, for otherwise they are badly off in the long run, as for the most part they are fit for nothing else than the performance of the pieces they have learned by heart.

Those alone are to be considered as models of *virtuosi*, who for many years have enjoyed the unaltered favour of a musically cultivated public, and have retained the esteem of every artist. These show that they have pursued their studies circumspectly and according to a plan; in short, that they have built on good ground. By them art has been ever esteemed, as they have remained within the limits, beyond which no true artist can venture.

While I communicate my views on the subject of musical cultivation, I only

hope that my good intentions may not be mistaken, and that much of my advice, which is well meant, may not be disregarded.

The exertions of young artists to arrive at a high degree of mechanical dexterity, passes, in modern times, all conception, and is so much the more remarkable, because the period favourable to *virtuosi* is gone by, and only those who hit on new methods of pleasing can be esteemed by the public. Whether the new is also beautiful matters little; indeed, the impulse to the invention and practise of these novelties is given by the desire of gain, not the feeling for art. With every trick that they practise, they begin to calculate how much *per cent* it will bring them in.

Now, for such tricks, the violin is particularly calculated, and hence very one-sided *virtuosi* form themselves on this instrument. To these gentry art is but of little worth, but gold of so much the more, and hence they are unimpeded in the use of any means whatever to attain their end. Sometimes they succeed for a long period, because a part of the public are only attracted by these exciting fascinations, and the sound artist, who merely plays "well" and "beautifully" according to all the requisitions of his art, finds no more hearers, and is esteemed as nought.

Now, in spite of their favourable reception, it is still a question whether the exertions of these *virtuosi* are of lasting benefit to their art, or even to themselves; and still more dubious is their advantage to those young commencing artists, who at first, from mere vanity, begin to imitate them, and who, when the desire of gain is added to this vanity, do not fear the labour of treading the same thorny path as their predecessors. Besides, they are so fortunate as to have learned the secret by which these predecessors have attained their lofty end, and which, as they are told, consists in practising for many years at the rate of eight or ten hours a-day. According to the opinion of the young artist, this is a clear proof that time and physical power are only requisite to obtain eminence, and that a dexterous use of the fingers is the chief thing to be attained.

If the young man is in such a situation, that his time is not occupied by his daily business, he at once forms the simple plan of devoting so many hours a-day to practise. The pianist can unfortunately remain in his sitting position for so long a time; but the violin-player has scarcely physical strength sufficient for the purpose.

Now, according to my opinion, there is something fatal in this exertion, which to me seems the germ of so much immature and stunted fruit, which, after a short-lived blossom, quickly fades away and vanishes without leaving a trace. It is impossible, by this method, to become a sound artist, that is, one whose whole merit does not lie in his fingers, but who seeks for musical cultivation; who penetrates deeper into his heart, and learns to pass a judgment upon it; who by his cultivation does honour to the order of artists; who does not shine merely for a transient period, but is esteemed even in his later years, when his fingers can obey him no more.

The mechanism of art of course requires practice—much practice—now mechanical dexterity has attained so high a degree. Now the question is, for how many hours per day should the studies last, and at what age should they commence? It is, by all means, necessary to begin in early youth, since then the mechanism is acquired with less trouble. The boy may begin his exercises—say in his tenth year—either on the piano or the violin. By an earlier commencement, as, for instance, in the seventh or eighth year, both time and trouble are lost.

It is not advisable to occupy children too much with music in their earlier years, as the vibrations of the tones operates too strongly on the yet tender nerves, and if these are shaken too much every day, a nervous weakness is an inevitable result. Hence boys of remarkable talent, who from an inner impulse would readily play much, must rather be kept back, lest their health should suffer. Their attention must be drawn to other objects which may likewise have interest for them. Another reason, and a still more important one, for pursuing this course, is that these boys are passionately fond of music, which awakens and excites their feelings too soon, and hence they may be at too early a period forced into a maturity, which is only attained at the expense of their bodily

powers. If, at a very early age, a boy already begins to play with feeling and expression, he is in an unnatural position, and probably his nerves will become slackened and unstrung by the time he has reached his twentieth year, when it is just at this age that music should first seize upon his heart with the might of her tones and harmonies, and render him susceptible for the beautiful during the whole period of his life.

With respect to the hours devoted to practise, it is quite sufficient in the first period, when school instruction must be the chief concern, if one hour daily be set apart, it being of course assumed that the pupil is placed under good and suitable instruction. After a short period—half, or even a whole year—another hour may be added; afterwards, another still; but four hours a day should not be exceeded.

If this uninterrupted practise be kept up till the twentieth year, the young man will by this time (talent being, of course, pre-supposed) have acquired great mechanical dexterity. He can also have received musical cultivation if sufficient time has been afforded him each day, by employing himself on composition, and by hearing musical lectures, those especially which consist in criticisms on compositions of different classes.

These last-named studies the youth should not begin before his fifteenth year, because a certain maturity of understanding is required for composition, which, moreover, is not sufficiently interesting for an early age. When in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, the young artist has attained a certain degree of mechanical dexterity, he must lose no time in playing what he has studied before strangers, first in smaller circles, and afterwards, when he has acquired sufficient confidence, before a larger assembly, for the power of playing before a public with confidence and tranquillity is attainable at this age alone. Only this kind of practise must not be carried to the extent of interrupting the young beginner in his progress, to drag him through Europe, and exhibit him as a prodigy. On this very account, and also because sufficient time is not left them to complete their musical culture, youthful prodigies are seldom good steady artists in after life, and the few who, by great talent and an inner impulse return to the right path, are but exceptions.

If, on the contrary, a young artist, perhaps in his fifteenth year, is possessed of the madness (I may say) of making himself a great *virtuoso* in five or six years, if, in his boundless vanity, he considers it his highest end to distinguish himself by executing on his instrument still greater difficulties than his predecessors, then at once he forms the fearful plan of renouncing the world and practising eight or ten hours a-day. Now, after he has thus sacrificed to vanity for only a single year, let the alterations that have already taken place in the artist be observed. The development of his body is cramped; by continual sitting his digestive organs are weakened. Hypochondria is an inevitable result, and the more this increases, the greater will be the inclination to sit, as hypochondriacs dislike motion.

After this arduous practising has continued for five or six years, the young man becomes dull, relaxed, and weak. His feelings are stifled—he is insensible to all that is beautiful—to friendship and attachment to his fellow creatures. He has become an egotist, and the world, with all its joys exists for him no more? he lives merely in a world of his own—namely, his seat by his piano. Remove him thence, and conduct him into society, and he is useless, for he can only talk of his practising, and his greatest pleasure is to be asked how many hours he practises per day. With *virtuosi* like this, the love of music in general is almost contracted to a love for the pieces composed for their own instrument.

Care should also be taken in the selection of pieces for practise on the piano: thus it is not advisable to play for too long a time in succession, the so-called "*études*" and "*exercises*," which, though they are well adapted for practise, and, alas! indispensable, should only be used alternately with other longer pieces, in which there is more melody, and which require that their character should be rightly apprehended, that they should be well executed, well phrased (*phrased*), and, above all, played with spirit and feeling.

In practising "*études*" (with which, for some years, we have been overwhelmed) for too long a time, there is something spirit-killing, on account of the

frightful monotony which predominates in these pieces. Has the composer invented a bar or two which are somewhat difficult to play, the *exercise* is as good as finished, since as the figure (*notenfigur*) remains unaltered to the end of the piece, he has no more occasion for fancy, but only some knowledge of modulation. Of late, the composers, who plainly felt the monotony of these pieces, have very laudably made a melody predominate, but even this melody, by reason of the leading figure, is necessarily very confined, and generally consists but of four bars, and thus but little is gained, for the monotony remains still.

That composers so overload us with pieces of this sort, as well as with countless variations, is owing, on the one hand, to motives of convenience to themselves, on the other, to a deficiency of fancy; for it is far more difficult to compose methodically and regularly a longer piece, such as a concerto, a rondo, a fantasia, a trio, or a quartett, which require a lively and well ordered fancy, great power of invention, originality, and technical skill. In very good composition there must be not only unity, but also variety; and as in *études* or *exercises* there is unity alone, the piece is necessarily monotonous and spirit-killing.

Now, if the young artist occupies himself for months in playing pieces of this sort for so many hours a-day, without relieving them by compositions of another kind, and moreover tortures himself by stretching and dislocating his fingers to take in the number of notes prescribed by the composer, whom, perchance, nature has blessed with a larger hand—if, I say, he expends all his powers on such practice, relaxation and want of feeling are inevitable consequences, and his practising is but an occupation void of thought, which reduces a human being to a lifeless machine.

Therefore I counsel thee, young artist, play with only half thy dexterity, but do, I pray thee, remain healthy—a pleasant and useful man to society, for a clever but half animate machine is assuredly no agreeable object. Nevertheless become a good musician, and endeavour to arrive at only that degree of mechanism which will enable thee to play a good composition with mind, precision, and purity. The impartial critic will never place a *virtuoso* higher than another, as an artist, merely because he has more mechanical dexterity. The class to which one belongs depends on the grade of musical cultivation.

Strive not then, my young friend, too much after extreme *virtuosity*, which is most thankless. If by thy dexterity thou hast gained public favour, thou wilt retain it only till the appearance of another, who may differ but a shade from thee; he plays perchance in a more rapid time, on a new sort of music, with strange passages, all of which really raises him no higher than thou art, but it gains him a large party, who probably are not connoisseurs enough to distinguish accurately.

Now if fame lead the way for this strange *virtuoso*, his party immediately raises him to the clouds, and thou, friend, who hast worked for years, thou art forgotten. The multitude are always in extremes; people scarcely venture to make a comparison with thee, and thou must patiently hear it said in thy presence, without mercy that “now for the first time, one hears the piano or violin *really* played; now for the first time can we perceive the perfections of the instrument.” Every trifle achieved by the new artist, just as it has been done a hundred times before sounds, according to his admirers, quite differently under his fingers, and is beyond all comparison with anything they have ever heard.

If the impartial critics, who are generally good judges, and of whom among the public there are many as well as genuine artists who certainly are the first to recognize merit—if these, I say, remark many imperfections in the stranger's play, they must nevertheless hold their tongues, for they cannot battle against the great mass of semi-connoisseurs.

These enthusiasts who glow with such ardour for all that is new, and become cold with equal rapidity, trumpet forth the praise of the foreign *virtuoso* to the detriment of the native artist. Their ecstasy renders their memory so treacherous, that they cannot even recollect that the native artists, who distinguished themselves on the very same instrument, pleased them for years, and always received applause. For them at this moment their favourite alone exists, he alone has worth, and their laudation is boundless.

If the native artist would not incur the suspicion of envying the foreigner, he must join the chorus of enthusiasts, increase their already exaggerated praise, and thus sign his own death-warrant.

This degradation to which every *virtuoso* is exposed, is certainly no alluring goal to entice one to tread his painful path. If laborious studies pursued for many years lead but to a finger dexterity, the degradation is not only hurtful to the feelings, but injurious. On the other hand, if the young artist attains a perfect musical cultivation, he will smile at the transient intoxication of an audience, as he can feel secure, that a cooler judgment will recognize his merits.

ON THE LAWS OF HARMONY.

(From the Persian; by an Attaché to the Persian Embassy.)

A tone is a sound with an assignable duration. When this is repeated with the requisite degree of sharpness and flatness without producing that effect which is the property of harmony, it does not come within the scope of the science of music; such scope being limited to tones of such a character that their interval in regard to sharpness and flatness, or the interval of the periods recurring between them in regard to duration, contributes to a harmonious or discordant relation; the first of which divisions is termed harmony, and the second of which is termed melody. Now when two tones are taken which differ in sharpness and flatness, the difference between them will necessarily be constituent of a relation either harmonious or discordant. For if the difference be referable either to *like in fact* or *like in effect*, it is harmony; and if not, it is discord. The meaning of *like in fact* is this, that the measure of the interval is equal to the less; which may happen when one is double of the other, like 4 and 2, 6 and 3; and this is termed the *Diapason* interval. The meaning of *like in effect* is this, that what is not like in fact may by duplication be rendered so: which is of two sorts; one, where this property resides in the difference, as with 6 and 4, which differ by 2, which by duplication becomes 4; and this is termed the *Progressional* proportion: the other, where this property resides in one of the differents, as with 6 and 2, which differ by 4; whereas 2, which is one of the differents, by duplication becomes 4; and this is termed the *Multiple* proportion. Every proportion which proceeds on these conditions, or is capable of being reduced to them, is harmony; and every one repugnant to them is discord. Thus all couples of tones not having a numeral ratio, that is, tones whose ratio is an involved one with peculiar properties for which numbers are not to be found, are discordant; such as the tone produced by the whole thing, and that produced by such part of it as bears to the whole the ratio of a square's side to its diagonal. And even if it be a numeral proportion, but the smaller number divide not the greater, or the difference between the two is not by a part having the power of the greater, and if it is not capable of being reduced to the harmonious proportions by any of the methods presently explained, it must still be discordant. For instance, two tones of which one is greater than the other by $\frac{1}{3}$ ths, as when one is 7 and the other 11, with a difference between them of $\frac{4}{3}$ ths, neither 7 the lesser will halve 11, nor will 4, which is the measure of the difference. But where the less will divide the greater, the measure of the difference must be either equal to the lesser, or greater than it. If equal, it is the ratio of double and half, or, as it is termed, the *Diapason* interval; if greater, it is the *Multiple* relation.

Again, when the difference is by a part which divides the greater number, if that part makes up a half or near to half to one of the numbers, as a half or third, they call it the proportion of *middle* intervals, which is reducible to the same two; for if the difference is between 4 and 6, the differential part forms half; and if it is between 7 and 5, it makes what is near to half. Of these middle intervals, the first sort is termed the *Diapente* interval, such as 2 and 3; and the second sort the *Diatessara* interval, such as 3 and 4. And if the difference is by a part which makes not the number half or near it, it is termed the proportion of *Minor* intervals, or *Hypertessara*.

Now these different descriptions of harmony, which are all either the involution of one number in another, or else their differing by a part being a divisor of

the greater number, are contemplated only as far as the difference can be perceived, and the human frame possesses the power of putting it forth. If the difference be of such sort that it is not the subject of sensation, or be excessively trifling, or such as the human frame cannot enunciate, it comes not within the limits of this science. For on the supposition of its escaping the perception, or having only an exceedingly minute expression in it, that agreeable sensation which is the object of joining sounds together does not result therefrom; and in the latter case, though it be possible to bring it forth from other instruments, yet being not on a scale with the physical demands of man, that is, with his own organic intonations, the human system finds no attraction in them, neither do they attain the height of being agreeable; whereas the science of music being placed in following out the highest, this is no part of its scope. It appears, then, that a proportion not formed on the scale of man's organic intonations is no subject for our consideration. The limit of combination in organic tones (as actually effected) in the class of major intervals is that one should be double of the other's double, as 4 and 1: in the class of minors, that one should be greater than the other by one thirty-sixth part, that is, one being 36 and the other 37: all beyond this is not had in contemplation.

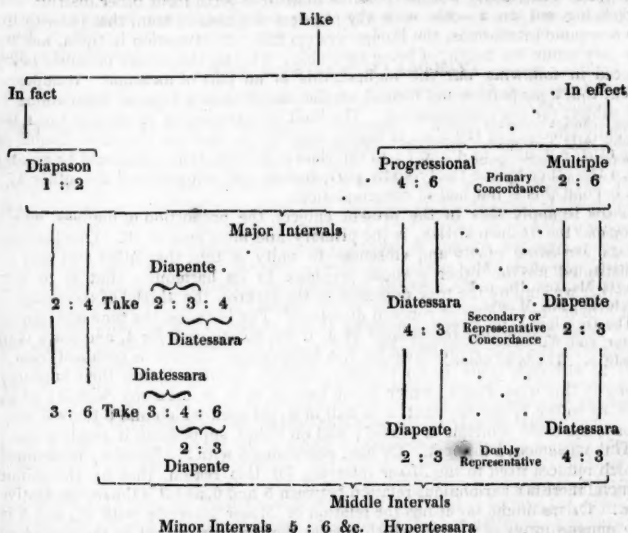
Now to apply this to the present subject, the proportion of doubles, which they call the *like* proportion, is the primary and most pure of all. One instance of its exceeding purity and closeness to unity is this, that either side may be substituted for the other without prejudice to its harmony; that is to say, whether we employ the tone duplicate or the reverse, the thread of connexion is not broken, nor the tie of concord dissolved. For instance, the tone represented by 8 being double that represented by 4, if we substitute 8 for 4, and place it in union with the tone represented by 3, a harmonious interval is obtained from 8 and 3, although there is no primary concord between them: their harmony being in this wise, that 4, which is the half of 8, is in harmony with 3; or if, looking to the 3, we say that 3 is half of 6, between which and 8 there is harmony, the same principle is deduced; and on either supposition it resolves itself into the *Diatessera* interval. Or else, combining 5 with 3, a harmony is obtained which reduces itself to the *Minor* interval; for this reason, that by the minor interval there is a harmonious relation between 5 and 6, and 3 is the representative of 6. Or we might say it has the relation of *Minor* intervals with 2½, and 5 is the representative of 2½; all which species they call concordant by the secondary concordance. And here the intelligent reader will perceive that the *Diapente* interval is capable of being reduced to the *Multiple*, or interval of 4; as likewise, the *Diatessera* to the *Diapente*. For if, in the first way, we take 2 as a representative of 4, it (the *Multiple*) falls into the *Diatessera*; and if, in the second way, we take 3 as the representative of 6, it falls into the *Diapente*.

Another instance of pure and radical properties in the *Diapason* interval (the compartment of *like in fact*) is that both the intervals by which it is divided are means as well of arithmetical as of harmonical proportion. Now the meaning of arithmetical mean is that it is intermediary between two numbers, so that its ratio to both extremes, in respect of proximity and distance, is alike; like 4, which is intermediary between 6 and 2. And the meaning of harmonical mean is that it is a number, the ratio of whose excess over the lesser term, is to the excess of the greater term over it as is the ratio of the lesser term to the greater term; such as 4, which is harmonic mean between 3 and 6; for the excess of 4 over 3 is 1, and the excess of 6 over 4 is 2, and the ratio between 1 and 2 is as the ratio between 3 and 6.

The application of the first is this: the ratio of 4 to 2 is the *Diapason* interval; and when 3, which is the numeral mean is introduced, two ratios arise; one between 2 and 3, which is the *Diapente* interval; the other between 3 and 4, which is the *Diatessera* interval. The application of the second is this: the ratio of 6 to 3 is the *Diapason* interval, and when 4, which is the harmonic mean, is introduced, two ratios arise, one the ratio 4 to 3, which is the *Diatessera* interval, the other that of 4 to 6, which is the *Diapente* interval. From which particulars it is that we discover the reason of naming the duplicate ratio a *Diapason* [or all-pervading] interval; and that of naming the other two concordant ratios as above.

From these preliminaries it is clear that all the harmonious intervals come back to the proportion of similar ratios. For in the *like in fact* the measure of difference is like in reality; and in the *like in effect* it is like in operation, either through the properties of one of the two differing numbers, or by nature, or by mediary connexion, as has been explained. The element of harmony then is similarity, which is an image of unity.

Scheme of the above ratios, and the terms for them according to the text.



Called ; Diapason (through all) because the interval is equal in all the terms, or because all the other ratios are involved in this one ; Progressional, because the difference the lesser term and the greater term are in Arithmetical progression (2 : 4 : 6) ; Multiple, because the lesser term is contained in the greater one more than twice (2+2+2=6) ; Diapente, because a distribution of five (2+3=5) ; Diatesara, because 4 is the ruling number ; Hypertessara, because the interval becomes smaller than can be expressed by a fourth, &c.

LIST OF PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

At the request of several of our correspondents, we give the programmes of the last series of the Philharmonic Concerts. They are influenced, we presume, by a desire to see in one connected view what the Directors have effected during the season for the advancement of music. Here it is, plainly set down ; and we presume that we have no reason to dwell upon the obvious.

First Concert, March 4.—Beethoven's Symphony in D (No. 2), and Mozart's in C (No. 1). Bennett's Overture to *Parisina*, and B. Romberg's in D. Concerto, pianoforte, Madame Dulcken. Fantasia, flute, Mr. Richardson. Singers, Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Manvers, and Phillips. Leader, Mr. Mori. Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

Second Concert, March 18.—Beethoven's Symphony in A, and Haydn's letter T. Weber's Overture, *the Ruler of the Spirits*, and Spohr's *Alchymist*, Pianoforte, Concerto, Mr. Moscheles. Fantasia, violon, Herr David. Singers, Miss Rainforth, Miss Masson, and Mr. Bennett. Leader, Mr. Loder. Conductor, Mr. Potter.

Third Concert, April 8.—Haydn's Symphony, No. 7; Beethoven's in C minor. The Overture to *Oberon*, and Cherubini's *Lea deux Journées*. Concerto, pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson. Concerto, violin, Mr. Blagrove. Singers, Madame Balfe, and F. Lablache. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke. Conductor, Mr. Bishop.

Fourth Concert, April 22.—Mozart's Symphony in D (No. 5), and Beethoven's *Eroica*. Bennett's Overture to *the Wood Nymphs*, and A. Romberg's in D. Spohr's Overture, played by David, Dando, Hill, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, Hardy, and C. Harper. Russian Air, violin, Herr David. Singers, Miss Masson, Madlle. Riviere, and Ivanoff. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. Conductor, Mr. Moscheles.

Fifth Concert, May 6.—Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), and Spohr's in E flat. The Overture to *Euryanthe*, and Winter's to *Calypso*. Concerto, pianoforte, W. S. Bennett. Solo, violoncello, M. Batta. Singers, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Bildstein, and Mr. Phillips. Leader, Mr. Mori. Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

Sixth Concert, May 20.—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mozart's in E flat. The Overture to *Der Freischutz*, and Cherubini's *Anacreon*. Concerto, pianoforte, Madlle. Lewig; and Concerto, violin, M. Haumann. Singers, Madame Dorus Gras and Ivanoff. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke. Conductor, Mr. Potter.

Seventh Concert, June 3.—Mozart's Symphony in C (No. 6), and Haydn's No. 9. The Overture to *Egmont*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Sonata, violoncello and contrabasso, Lindley and Dragonetti. Fantasia, violin, M. Artot. Singers, Madame Dorus Gras and Signor Mario. Leader, Mr. Cramer. Conductor, Mr. Bishop.

Eighth Concert, June 17.—Spohr's Sinfonia in C minor (No. 3), and Beethoven's in B flat. Beethoven's Overture to *Fidelio*, and A. Romberg's to *Le Rovine de Paluzze*. Fantasia, pianoforte, Mr. Dohler. Concerto, violin, Mr. Blagrove. Singers, Madlle. Meerli, Madame Dorus Gras, Signor Mario, and Mr. Giubelei. Leader, Mr. Loder. Conductor, Mr. Moscheles.

The Directors were, Messrs. Anderson, Bishop, Cooke, Cramer, Dance (treasurer), Potter, and Willman. Secretary, Mr. W. Watts. Librarian, Mr. Calkin. Copyist, Mr. Goodwin. The band consists of 75 first-rate performers.

MUSICAL INVENTIONS—THE BOMBARDINO.

The musician, but especially the composer, may congratulate himself, that the inventive genius of man, so powerfully evinced of late years in almost every branch of human industry, has recently found a new field for exertion in the practical department of musical science. We allude not so much to the improvements gradually introduced into keyed instruments, by which, with the progressive advance of mechanical skill, those instruments have acquired superiority both in construction and in finish, as to the vast step made towards perfection by the adaptation of valves to brass instruments, by means of which the air with its vibrations is transmitted through an additional length of tube in those parts of the scale in which there is a deficiency in certain sounds, thus completing the gamut, and making of an imperfect and defective instrument one complete throughout its intonation. The instrument called the corneopean, or cornetto à piston affords a beautiful exemplification of the system referred to. It is, in fact, merely a trumpet, although of a different pitch from the one at which we are accustomed to hear its martial and inspiring tones. By the facility of execution arising from the valves being acted on by the fingers, and from the scale with all its intervals being made perfect and available in every conceivable modulation, the instrument acquires a totally new character, and is no longer recognised as the trumpet. The superb effect of the new instrument was at once acknowledged when introduced by Balfe in an accompaniment to his "Light of other days," and since that it has become so fashionable in military and quadrille bands, in taking the leading solos, that the musical public are in danger of becoming surfeited with its tones, as it was some years ago with those of the Kent bugle, an invention almost as ingenious as the corneopean, with a much more rich and mellow quality of tone.

But it is not with the cornetto with its facile volubilities and its artificial shake that we have to do at present, it is with an instrument which some ingenious nomenclator has thought fit to denominate the bombardino, manufactured by Mr. Key, of Charing-cross, and recently introduced into military and other bands as a powerful bass. It has been much complained of that in military bands the bass was never sufficiently strong. The bassoon is not an out-of-

door instrument; the serpent is not powerful enough; and the trombone being essentially a bass trumpet, involved a peculiarity of characteristic effect not at all times in the contemplation of the composer. An attempt had been made to remedy this by the introduction of the ophicleide, but the quality of tone of that instrument is not sufficiently combining. This is an invention really useful and valuable, for although the bombardino will never be so popular as the cornopean, the richness it imparts to the bass of a large band of wind instruments, or even to a numerous orchestra such as that at Exeter Hall, where we have several times heard it admirably played by Mr. Standen, of the Coldstream Guards, is far more satisfactory to the ear of a musician than flashy solos by any instrument whatever.

There is a wide field still for improvement and invention musical instruments, and since attention appears to be directed towards this quarter, the labours of future years will perhaps result in some very marked and striking innovations.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE WEEKLY MUSICAL CRITICISMS OF CERTAIN OF THE SUNDAY PRINTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—“Assuredly an aristocracy of music is a bad thing, and if any thing is worse, it is the music of an aristocracy.” I quote this paragraph from the “Atlas” of yesterday, as a specimen of the sort of *criticism* which is generally dealt upon “*music and musicians*.” The man who undertakes the task of judicial criticism should, in the first instance, learn to write intelligibly, otherwise the inference is, that he who is himself deficient is unfit to expose the deficiencies of others. Does the musical editor of the “Atlas” know the meaning of the word “aristocracy?” It would appear not—for otherwise he would be aware that “the aristocracy of music” does not mean “a bad thing,” but that it can only mean the choicest and best productions of the art.

Were the homilies of this ingenious person more generally read than they happen at present to be, they might have a tendency to damp that spirit of “amateurship” which, to give it the right name, means a love of the art; and, as such, is a source of advantage to many hundreds of musical professors; while the frequent and familiar intercourse which it promotes between artists and amateurs has the effect of giving to the former that place in society which so many deserve, and from which most were formerly excluded. But is the critic of the “Atlas” aware that Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer amongst the Germans, and Carafa (a son of the Neapolitan prince Caramanico), are all amateurs? Can he discover no merit in the productions of Lord Mornington, Onslow, William Linley, or Sir John Rogers? Or is he deaf to the sweetness of many very lovely songs and ballads—for instance, “The nightingale’s death song,” “Rose thou art,” “Alice Grey,” “We return no more,” several songs by Miss Flower, the names of which I cannot at present call to mind, and many by Moore and others, all of which may fairly exempt this class of writers from the obloquy which this would-be critic has attempted to cast upon them.

But the real source of the ridiculous declamations of this gentleman is a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Even here he is wrong. “Music and musicians” are well paid and properly appreciated in Italy, Germany, and France, although Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Onslow, and Carafa were, in the first instance, permitted by the more liberal judges of the countries where they made their earlier essays, to show what they could do before they had arrived at the different degrees of reputation to which they subsequently attained.

I should not have troubled you with these remarks, had it not happened, that in one of my recent tours of the music-shops, I stumbled upon the two songs by Mr. Carleton, which have called forth the disapprobation of the “Atlas.” It appeared to me, that the songs in question possessed the very unprofessional attributes of originality, and felicitous adaptation of poetry to music. On inquiry, I learnt that they were the first essays of a young composer, and as such, I thought I discerned in them the germ of future advancement in the art. I was therefore, not a little shocked and disgusted with the tone of an article in the “Atlas” of yesterday, blameless as it was of anything like criticism, but which, should it meet the eye of the inexperienced composer, might have the effect of discouraging him from those exertions, which might eventually lead to excellence.

Many years ago, a celebrated critic of the “Edinburgh Review,” “in wanton mood,” thought proper to dissect a juvenile production of Byron’s “because he was a lord.” In

this case, the ill-nature of the reviewer, was, in some measure, pardoned at the time, on the score of charm of style, and poignancy of wit. But it was a dangerous precedent for blockheads to follow, who might possess all the venom of the author without a particle of his talent. Let the musical editor of the "Atlas," and the glee-singing gentleman who does the "Spectator," both rest assured that their attempts at sweeping criticism are no more like the one in question, than are the wooden blows of Punch, like the cuts and thrusts of a polished Damascus blade—and moreover that it is not in *their* power to disguise injustice and illiberality under the cloak of sarcastic wit and eloquence.

I fear I have only occupied myself, whilst I have thus trespassed on your attention, in breaking a gnat upon the wheel. But insects of this species buzz in the ear, and are otherwise mischievous, and perhaps the immolation of one or two may silence the rest of the swarm.

London, July 29th, 1839.

PHILOMUSICUS.

REVIEW.

No. 1.—*The Hour of Prayer.* Words by Mrs. Hemans: music by E. J. Nielson. (Coventry.)

No. 2.—*Dear Mother, I remember thee.* Words and music by R. Baker, Esq. (Coventry.)

No. 3.—*Her eyes the Glow-worm lend thee.* Words by Herrick: music by Hugh Tarleton, Esq. (Lonsdale.)

No. 4.—*The Yew-tree.* Words and music by H. Ainsworth, Esq. (Lonsdale.)

No. 5.—*The lily of Bristol.* Words by J. Leach, Esq.: music by T. H. Bowles, Esq. (Jeffreys.)

No. 6.—*The Sisterless.* Words by W. H. Ollivier: music by E. Perry. (Mori.)

No. 1 is an inoffensive composition, or rather reminiscence, for it is quite guiltless of originality. The words are exceedingly touching and simple, and a more laboured version would perhaps have been inappropriate; but music may be simple, without being trite and commonplace.

No. 2 may be dismissed with the same observations, saving that in this latter the words and music are much upon a par. They are calculated for all compasses.

Nos. 3 and 4.—In the first song we can see little to commend.—"The Yew-tree" is a more ambitious effort, written in C minor, and in imitation of the German style which is now so popular. It is calculated for a bass voice extending to G below the lines. It is not devoid of merit as a composition, and displays some science; but we hold, that in every composition, vocal or instrumental, there should be a return to the original motivo: without this, the ear becomes fatigued, and is left without any distinct and satisfactory impression of the design of the composer.

No. 5.—"The lily of Bristol's the flower for me," quoth Mr. Bowles—but the same is not the ballad for us. It is an unpretending trifle in four flats. The G sharp in the symphony should have been written A flat.

No. 6.—We can recommend this song to the fairer portion of our readers. Though dedicated to and sung by Miss Birch, it is a draft upon the pathetic, not the executive powers of that charming vocalist. But it is certainly a plagiarism from C. Smith's "Softly sleep my baby boy," otherwise we should have dealt a measure of unmixed praise. The words are altogether Haynes Bayley-ish. The penultimate bar of the symphony is ill-constructed, and it recurs more than once in the song. Instead of the crotchet F and dotted minim D flat in the treble, it should be F minim and D minim.

Out of the Deep. Gresham Prize Composition Anthem for Five Voices. By E. J. Hopkins. (Cramer.)

This piece will be an acquisition for choral societies. Without betraying any marked originality, it is well written, and in a style suited to the solemnity of the words. It concludes with a good fugue led off by the tenor, and satisfactorily worked out.

Fourth Concerto for the Pianoforte, by W. S. Bennett.

This Concerto has been performed by the author at Leipzig and at the Philharmonic. It is exceedingly difficult, and withal unfair, to criticise works of this description, without having heard them executed by the composer. Much of the

effect evaporates in inferior hands, and a piece for piano and orchestra is not well suited to the piano solo. We will, however, state briefly our impressions. It appears to us well worthy of the reputation of its distinguished author, and may be executed by a good second-rate performer, without the necessity of claws capable of extension over half the gamut. It is in three movements—opening in the gloomy key of F minor, from which a charming cantabile à la Hummel soon arises, like a Venus Anadyomene from troubled waters. It is well worked out, with passages for brilliant execution and skilful contrasts of light and shade.

The second movement is a barcarolle in F major, which is cleverly written, but the subject appears to us rather commonplace.

The finale is a presto in F minor, beginning agitato, and evidently requiring a very light and rapid touch. On the whole, it is calculated to repay the pains of study.

Introduction and Variations on a Russian Air for the Violin; with Piano Accompaniment. By Ferd. David. (Coventry.)

We have here a fine study for violinists, involving some difficulties, but quite capable of being surmounted. The piano part is easy; the introduction is bold and striking, and the air is that which Thalberg has rendered so deservedly popular—set in E major—the variations are ingenious and appropriate.

I think of the Land where my Fathers are sleeping. Song of an Exile. Words by G. Macfarren, Esq. Music by A. Macfarren. (Hill.)

Mr. Macfarren's song is an agreeable trifle, but without pretensions to originality. We do not at all like the chord of the 6th on the word "shore;" the modulation leads to the common chord of B, and it might be easily altered.

Two Songs from the German of Schiller and Uhland. Set to Music by John Thomson, of Edinburgh. (Cramer.)

The first of these has considerable merit—it is entitled "Canadian Death Song," and is a wild martial lament for some Canadian chieftain, in the catalogue of whose noble qualities, as detailed by Schiller, we find that of "Puffing the votive fume." It is suited to a tenor voice and might be rendered exceedingly effective. We do not see what is gained in the 5th bar of the symphony by the G natural in preference to G sharp; nor do we like the final note immediately preceded by the chord of the extreme sharp sixth which does not intimate a conclusion to the ear.

The second is entitled the serenade, and is steeped in the deepest hues of melancholy; the modulations are clever, if we except one or two unpleasant suspensions, and we think the close might have been better. We shall be glad to meet with some more of Mr. Thomson's efforts in vocal music.

Come weave me a Wreath. Words by T. R. Hollingsworth. Music by G. F. Stansbury. (Hill.)

A trifle not difficult of execution.

Te Deum in G. Arranged for a single Voice, with Accompaniment for Organ or Piano-forte, by Edwin Merriott, Organist.

Mr. Merriott has been so little adventurous in his modulations that we have little or nothing to criticize; we think he would have done better in publishing all the parts as originally sung.

King Canute. A Convivial Glee. Sung by Messrs. Willing, Turner, and Ransford. Words and music by G. A. Macfarren. (Hill.)

Full of good fellowship, and once heard, in *symposio*, certain to be called for a second time.

The Ivy Green, by Charles Dickens, Esq. Composed by John Thompson. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

The words are somewhat forced, but the music lends them fullness of meaning. Altogether this song reminds us of Barry Cornwall's "King Death is a rare old fellow."

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

The expiration of Mr. Macready's term of lesseeship of Covent-garden theatre, has afforded a goodly theme for the diatribes of our brethren of the papers. Eulogies have been freely lavished on the one hand; some plain truths have been spoken on the other. It may seem invidious to say, that the former have mostly proceeded from professed partizans: yet such is notoriously the case to those acquainted with the working of things theatrical. The most fulsome of these purchased praises—we do not use the term in a money sense—have been written by men in habits of intimacy with Mr. Macready; men who partake of his excellent dinners, who are proud to be in the train of a fashionable actor, and who have had the convenience of a private box at command, together with other privileges of the kind, valued by these petty-minded hacks and subalterns of the press, and which may be had by any one connected with periodical literature, who chooses, by a tacit agreement, to barter his freedom of opinion for such nothings. We could give fact after fact, illustrative of the juggle thus carried on in every department of criticism; and more especially in those connected with the stage and with music. It is but the other day that we knew a writer who has something to do with the very inferior office of theatrical criticism in a daily paper, offer the landlady of a well-known tavern a box at any theatre, Her Majesty's inclusive, and we firmly believe that he had the power of fulfilling his offer. It was declined—there being a shrewd suspicion that an unlimited score was to be the set-off against the favour.

The wheel within wheel of this dirty work is not confined to the operations of the gentlemen of the press alone. They are put in motion in far higher directions; and we have good grounds for supposing that the main-spring of the machinery by which a late dinner given to a performer was effectively wound up was the giving of private boxes *gratis* to a certain radical lord, whose influence at last brought about the long contemplated, long silently worked for, and pantingly desiderated result.

Thus far of *scan. mag.*, and now as to Mr. Macready's services in the cause of the drama. By the expulsion of a certain description of persons, worthy of all commiseration, it is true, from our own sex, but whose presence in the more prominent situations of a theatre is repulsive even to the not over fastidious, he has deserved and obtained the approbation of the right-thinking. A father could take his family, a brother his sisters, to Covent Garden, without the fear of intrusions, which—to use Nell Gwynne's phrase—though they bring nothing catching along with them, are yet offensive and indecent; and we consider the reformation effected in this particular as one of the most honourable features of Mr. Macready's management. The restoration of Shakspeare's plays, on which he seems to rest his chief claims to public applause, were begun energetically, and in the best spirit; but a "vaulting ambition" led him to outrage the better taste with which he had commenced, and his late revivals have not only been gross mockeries of his author's intention, but have fostered the very taste for mere show, and eye-trapping spectacles, from which we had looked for his weaning the mob of playgoers. We do not see that his management has elevated the theatrical profession—a point strongly insisted upon by some of our contemporaries—in the public estimation. It has revived, in a degree, the taste for theatrical amusements, and bettered his own position, but realized no good for his brethren. Not one actor or actress, save, from fortuitous circumstances, Miss Horton, has risen in public favour; but many, from being forced into inferior parts, have considerably retrograded. He has been himself the cynosure, and has taken especial care that the splendour of each revival, and each production, beyond farce or melodrame, should be centred in and reflected from him alone. We will venture to say that the public do not think a whit more highly of the theatrical profession than they did before; but that Mr. Macready's own name and repute has gained a tenfold lustre. He has done something for the stage, and much for himself.

Few new plays have been brought out by him; and even of these few the two most successful ones—*The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*—have been deady

blows inflicted on a healthy judgment of the drama. The first of these is a sickly piece of sentimentality; the latter, a gross insult to historic truth and common sense. Of pieces of an inferior description, down to farces, it is, we believe, the general opinion that, an exception or two apart, viler and more worthless were never selected by manager for presentation to an audience. Of two of the most contemptible of these, which were produced at some expense too, *The Foresters* being one—the title of the other we forget—the name of the author was most sedulously concealed, for reasons which will be apparent to the theatrical reader when we mention it; and we advert to them chiefly to particularize the fact that the motive for their production was that they happened to be ready to hand in the theatre and therefore were to be *chanced*. Their author, or rather translator, was the late Mr. W. Dimond; and if he have left any heirs we apprehend that there must be a sum due to them, on account of these two pieces, from the theatre.

In fact, nearly every department of the drama, except the tragic, has experienced gross neglect from Mr. Macready. That in which, as writing for a musical journal, we are the most nearly concerned—the operatic, has been, the last season at least, regularly burked. It is needless to go over the ground we have traversed before, and consequently we shall confine ourselves to an expression of regret that the category of questions which we addressed to Mr. Macready on the subject of Mr. Rooke's opera of *Henrique*, should have remained unanswered up to this day. We must conclude, therefore, that they are unanswerable.

We now come to the vaunt of pecuniary sacrifices so boastingly made by Mr. Macready: for a complete exposure of the vanity and mistaken ideas of Mr. Macready on which, we must refer our readers to the *John Bull* newspaper of the 21st inst. Suffice it to say it is there proved that Mr. Macready offered the proprietors (against whom he threw out a very unwarrantable insinuation in the course of his farewell speech), terms for the ensuing season, which would have secured an ample remuneration to himself, a probable loss to them, and a certain deficit to the actors. Be it also remembered that he was no loser at the expiration of his first season; and that he was protected from loss when he renewed his contract with them for last season, by a private subscription of two thousand pounds, towards which Mr. Bartley and Mr. Harley, the actors, gave their hundred each. The success of the season has been such as to enable him to return the money subscribed; and, after having paid the majority of the actors their arrears of salary, Mr. Macready has cleared about three thousand three hundred pounds this very season. He made about seven hundred pounds last season, falsely and sedulously represented as a losing one; so that the result of his two years' "hazardous and difficult experiment," on which he so fondly descanted in his most egotistical speech, has been a net profit of some four thousand pounds in hard cash; besides the additional sums which are sure to follow his additional reputation. He has been a gainer in every sense, and should be the last man to talk of sacrifices.

We have gone to such a length that we must defer our notice of the doings at the Haymarket and the two Opera houses, English and Italian, to our next.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

(From the German.)

Many a year is in its grave
Since I pass'd this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One, with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought,
But the younger, brighter form,
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

To where'er I turn mine eye,
Back upon the days gone by,
Sadd'ning thoughts of friends come o'er,
Friends that closed their course before.

But what binds us, friend to friend?
'Tis that soul with soul can blend!
Soul-fraught were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take;—I give it willingly!
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE prefer giving the following announcement from *La France Musicale*, to saying the same thing in our less polite English, on account of the *tournure* of the paragraph:—"F. Lablache, fils du tout-puissant Lablache, vient d'épouser Miss Fanny Wyndham, jeane et jolie cantatrice Anglaise non sans quelque célébrité."

AMONG the honorary members of the Musical Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, we find the names of Mesdames Catalani, Pasta, Judith et Julia Grisi, MM. Cherubini, Caraffa, Onslow, Berton, Auber, Adam, Donizetti, Mercadante, Neukomm, Pixis, Theodore Labarre, Thalberg, Liszt, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Crescentini, Mayseder, Baillet, and De Beriot.

CHURCH MUSIC.—At Dr. Worthington's (*Trinity*) new church in the Gray's-inn Road, several members of the congregation have, with the assistance of some of the Exeter Hall amateurs, formed themselves into a choir under the direction of Mr. Kilner, the talented organist—they sing the psalms, chants, &c., in four parts, with occasionally an anthem or the collect for the day, in a simple congregational manner. Though at present in its infancy, and limited to the evening service, the attempt shows a laudable desire among the sons and daughters of the church to improve her too much neglected psalmody.

THE CELEBRATED GUADAGNI was remarkable for his politeness to the fair sex. One day, while he was engaged in conversation with a lady, a servant entering hastily, announced that the King of Sardinia was in the ante-chamber. "Is he?" said Guadagni, coolly; then request his Majesty to wait till this lady has finished her business with me."

HAYDN'S DYING PRAYER.—The army of Napoleon had been gradually approaching Vienna, and, on the night of the 10th of May, 1808, the French artillery took up its position at Schenbrunn, within two hundred paces of the composer's little garden, in which four shells fell and exploded in the course of the night. Its batteries were directed against the city, and Haydn, picturing to himself the horrors of a sacked town, the massacre of his fellow-citizens, and the imperial eagle succumbing to the bird of Gaul, raised his feeble hands to heaven, and then tottered with feeble steps to his piano, where he sang with a voice tremulous with emotion rather than from bodily weakness the national air composed by himself of "*Gott halte den Kaiser*,"—God save the King. This, which he was accustomed to call his prayer, he sang with surpassing expression three times; but the doom of his country was sealed, and a few days after the taking of Vienna the patriotic composer breathed his last.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

THE LIVERPOOL BEEF STEAK

CLUB offer a GOLD MEDAL of the value of £20, or its equivalent, for the best approved GLEE, serious or cheerful, for three or four equal voices. Also a Prize of Twenty Pounds for the most approved composition (not Sacred) for three or more equal voices, with an obligato Pianoforte accompaniment. The Copies, which must not be in the handwriting of the Composers, to be sent to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, addressed to the Secretary, on or before the 30th of September, accompanied by a sealed envelope, enclosing the name and address, and endorsed with a corresponding motto. The unsuccessful compositions to remain in the possession of the Club (not interfering with the Copyright).—Notice of the decision will be given to each Candidate in January, 1840.

THE DEVIL'S OPERA.

The Songs, Duets, and Trios in the above Opera, now singing with the greatest applause at the Theatre Royal, English Opera-house, composed by G. A. Macfarren, are now published by Hill and Co., 28, Regent Street, and may be had of all Music-sellers in Town and Country.

I'LL SPEAK OF THEE.

This highly popular Ballad is just published. Composed and sung by Miss M. B. Hawes, at all the Concerts.

Published at 35 Strand, where may be had the following popular Ballads by the same Composer—Thou art lovelier; When first I heard the Convent Bell; 'Tis very sweet to love thee, Maiden; As I walk'd by myself; Beauty of the Mind; The Winter's gone; Hee that loves a rosie cheek; and Silent still, as sung by Miss Woodyatt.

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